

"*UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA.*"—Cicero.—"Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO., THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3 1841.

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## A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,

A word—a look—has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.

## A YANKEE IN RUSSIA.

In a short time his strange visitor re-appeared. 'What said he, 'I have made up my mind, to go home, and went to thank the emperor, and bid him good-bye. I thought I could not do no less, he'd been so civil. So

## RUNNING A MUCK.

TEMPTATION.

From the Old Dominion.

## CONFESSIONS OF A VICTIM.

[The following tale was written for the editor of the Old Dominion, by one of the most highly gifted poets in America.]

**CONFESSIONS.**

## CONFESSIONS.

For myself, I had mingled much in female society; I had pressed many a thin red lip," she bowed before many a rich dark eye. But Amelia was a glad creature, a 'girl in gentleness and a high souled woman' in dignity; and when she elicited admiration, it was ever blended with esteem. Mingled in her temperment, also, there was a tinge of romance; it was the romance rather of devoted feeling than of affected sentiment; and even when her afflictions were hoarded up in the sanctuary of her own pure bosom, she acknowledged their burning intensity, and confessed the industry which would mingle in her love. In time Amelia became the beau ideal of my fancy, and ere I knew her many months, I was a worshipper.

She closed her eyes for a weary period upon truth so horrible, and endeavored to shut out from her senses and understanding the blackness of my guilt! Oh, God! how that being clung to, and worshiped me, even amid the affect contumely of my degradation. How I wept, and persuaded, and endeavored to fascinate me back to my domestic enjoyment, and to keep me, even for one night from the dens of iniquity and the revelry of crime! How she "threw her white arms around me," as besought me, with earnest looks to remember my early vows to remember my own happiness—her peace of mind, and my father's care for the sake of his only child, and the heir to his hitherto unspotted fame. Oh, my God! how impossible it seems that I should have defied my persuasions—how impossible seems that I could have gone forth after such a scene as this, and bathed my senses like a brute, in the debasing influence of intoxication. Would that again I might hear the glad voice of my Amelia, and back in the innocent smile of her affection! Would I could call up the shade of my murdered sire, and weep away to shame and anguish in tears of blood! But vain now is the agony of my remorse—in vain do I repent of early error, and invoke the pangs of hours.

A little longer, and I was a spectacle  
gusting to the philanthropist. A beggar a  
drunkard, I wandered through the streets of  
native city, an object of contempt and  
My father spurned me from his door—but  
the old man was but a little while for this

I am a murderer! I feel as I linger on the confines of this world, that I have murdered the wife of my bosom I feel that I have sent my father in his old age with sorrow to his tomb! But still have I not by living in equal misery, degradation and in infamy, suffered more than a thousand deaths? Forgive, O God, these O God, in this my last and mortal hour of anguish! Forgive, me, sainted spirit of my injured wife, and hallowed shadow of my murdered father. Angels of heaven, I pray ye forgive me! And ere I die, oh youth! whilst my soul is yet lingering in its mortal tenement, shun, oh shun, I beseech you, the intoxicating bowl.

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY—*Antique Temperance Relic*.—In the year 1753, Capt. Andrew Ward, of Guilford, commanded a company of Provincial soldiers in the service of George II, at the taking of the island of Cap Breton. While in the service he drew money in lieu of his rations of spirit, with which he purchased four silver table spoons, one for each of his children. The word, "Louisburgh" was marked on each spoon, that "his children might remember how he used his rum." These spoons were made by Mr. Billous Ward, father of Col. James Ward, of this city. Of his descendants, (and there has been more than one hundred), but one has been intemperate. Gen. A. Foote, Esq. of Guilford, one of Capt. Ward's descendants, has politely deposited one of these spoons with the Connecticut Historical Society, to be exhibited among other interesting articles kindly furnished by those who feel desirous of preserving the remaining relics of our forefathers.—*Hartford Courant*.

**A PATRIOTIC PRESBYTERIAN**—Hear me while I give you an incident furnished by another hand: 'When the Declaration of Independence was under debate in the Continental Congress, doubt and forebodings were whirled through the hall. The House hesitated, wavered, and for a while the liberty and slavery of the country appeared to hang in even scale. Then an aged patriotic arose—a venerable statesman—his head white with the frost of age. Every eye went to him with the quickness of thought, & remained with the fixity of the polar star. He cast on the assembly a look of inexpressible interest, and unconquerable determination; while on his visage the hue of age was lost in the flush of burning patriotism that fired his cheek. 'There is, said he when he saw the House wavering, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men—a nick of time—we perceive it now before us. To hesitate is to consent to our slavery. That noble instrument upon our table, which insures immortality to its author, should be subscribed every morning by every pen in the House, that will not respond to its accents and stir every nerve to carry into effect its provisions is unworthy the name of a freeman. For my own part, of property I have some—of reputation more. That reputation is staked, my property is pledged on the issue of this property of this contest. And although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I will infinitely rather they should descend thither than the hands of the public executioner than that at this crisis the sacred cause of my country.' Who was it that uttered this memorable speech—potent in turning the scales of nation's destiny, and worthy to be preserved in the same imperishable record in which are registered the not more eloquent speech addressed to John Adams on the same sublime occasion? It was John Witherspoon, at that the most distinguished Presbyterian minister west of the Atlantic ocean—the father of Presbyterian Church in the United States.

*Rev. J. M. Krebe.*

THE PEASANT AND THE EMPEROR.—A  
sian emperor, when hunting, perceived a  
old man planting a walnut tree, and ad-  
vances towards him, asked his age. The peasant  
replied, "I am four years old." An attendant  
rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in  
the presence of the emperor. "You censure  
me out of case," replied the peasant, "I did not say  
without reflection; for the wise do not regret  
that time which has been lost in folly and  
careless of the world; I therefore consider that  
my real age, which has been passed in  
serving the Dauty and discharging my du-  
ties to society." The emperor, struck with the  
simplicity of the remark, observed, "Thou  
dost not hope to see the trees thou art planting  
to perfection." "True," answered the  
peasant, "but since others have planted that we

now, it is right that we should part for the benefit of others. "Excellent!" exclaimed the emperor, upon which (as was the custom when any one was honored with the appellation of sovereign), a purse bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold; on receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a loud obeisance, and added: "O King! other men's trees come to perfection in the space of four years; but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted!" "Bravo!" said the monarch, and a second purse of gold was presented, when the old man exclaimed, "the trees of others bear fruit only once a year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day." "Delightful!" exclaimed the emperor, and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting up to his horse, the monarch retreated, saying, "Everend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wish should exhaust my treasury."

## NEWSPAPER LAW.

The law is, and so the courts decide, that the person to whom a paper is sent is responsible for the payment, if he receive the paper or make use of it even though he never subscribed for it. His duty in such case is not to take the paper from the office or place where it is left, but to notify the publisher that does not wish for it. If papers are sent to post office, store, tavern, or other place and are not taken by the person to whom they are sent, the postmaster, store or tavern keeper &c., is responsible for the payment unless he immediately give notice to the publisher that they are not taken from the office or place where they are sent.

Extract from the Post Office Regulation page 50, section 118. "In every instance, when papers that come to your office are taken out by the person to whom they are sent, you will give immediate notice of it to the publisher, adding the reason, if known, why the papers are not taken out."

**JONATHAN CILLEY.**--A monument of granite, 17 feet high, with a white marble urn, been erected, at a cost of \$500 to the memory of the martyr to a false code of honor.

**Hair Apparent.**—A chap recently arrived at New Orleans, from Paris, with his hair long, that he is obliged to go to a rope walk every morning to get his head "hackled." It is also stated that the vessel he sailed in, three days out, before the last lock of it "cleared" at the custom house.

If the following,—which is a true copy, spelling, punctuation, and capitals of a letter received by a mercantile house of this city—may be taken as an example of the education of the inhabitants, we should say that Wagnersdorf is not situated in one of the advanced school districts, and that the schoolmaster was not only abroad, but had remained there some time.

Wonneledorff Decembre th 14 18  
 Dear Frinds the Fue Cents in the old  
 is Serelt thir: Wir A Fue Attokeals Cha  
 in the Bill Wich Wir Nat Received and  
 flaurnt your Clarke of the Same and,  
 Gave me A Receipt in Full; when i Mead  
 New Bill of Kaufe Mister——: Will  
 you if in Full sere the Neu Bill.  
 Yours A.

GLORIOUSLY HOAXED.—The Good folks of Hollidaysburg, Pa., a few days since. A disguised man arrived in the place, having under his protection a very pretty girl. He was Bill Johnston, the Canadian patriot, and the maiden was "Caroline, the heroine of a thousand lies." The good people of the town were in raptures, the old folks feasted their eyes, and the young ones idolized the daisy. A mere Canadian patriot would have been windfall, but Bill Johnston—O! angel—his fair daughter too!—the whole town went crazy; a purse of \$200 was raised for her, and various breastpins, watches, etc. were presented to the fair Caroline. The good matters progressed for several days, until one remarkably fine morning, the good folks awoke up and discovered themselves "pretty done." The patriotic pair had flown, and there had disappeared watches, cash, and all, and the citizens were never to romance patriots again.—*Phil. Times.*

POT AND KETTLE.—"I say, Pete Buck: why de debble you always want to cum to fums so expersacrionally, and employ such persillious lanwidge in your diagonal cossation on de inordinate topics ob de duty require to be equilibrated to de abstand ob public misprehension, which ber can and nebber will compresiate such perlunar expersarities?"

—wid all dis scholar's collegium eddification, and as profoundly as Joe perfer to mysteries of dictionarial deflexions, I confess that de general tender of ob yor marks am altogether too exflorecent for obtrusive intellect. Guess you went to a one day longer dan dis nigger, any how.

A man in Syracuse is putting up a building of such immense strength and magnitude that it will require a stone pavement of Roman strength to support the shadow only.

"Are you not going to educate your  
ren?" it was asked of an old German farmer  
Pennsylvania. "No, my oldest son let  
write, and he forged my name."

It is a great folly for a man to muse on such things as pass his understanding.